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FRESHLY SMACKED BOTTOMS

ELEANOR CARTWRIGHT



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HIGH SCHOOL . . . SOME MORE THAN OTHERS.

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B Freshly Smacked BOTTOMS

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By Eleanor Cartwright

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Naked Punishment

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Oak Ridge Eight

By Eleanor Cartwright

CHAPTER ONE: VANESSA

"No, Daddy, please no! Anything but a spanking!"

Rob Norman had finally had enough of Vanessa's backtalk. All he wanted was a little respect and consideration, a place to relax at the end of a day's honest labor. Instead, he'd received nothing more than snide remarks, passive misconduct and outright contempt. Worse still, Vanessa utterly refused to cooperate when ordered to perform her allotted chores. Well, Rob had finally reached the end of his rope. 'Nessa's behavior would have tested the patience of a saint. If talking to the girl wasn't having the desired effect, there was always the alternative. Let's see if a good, long spanking over his knee would change her attitude.

He'd just finished telling her off in the living room, eyes narrowed with parental wrath. His and tone and expression had left little doubt as to the outcome of this particular lecture: while she'd been half-expecting the inevitable verdict, Vanessa was hoping he wouldn't go quite that far. She literally dreaded going over her Daddy's knee, and for very good reason.

"Please Daddy don't, I'm really sorry,"

'Nessa wailed in open fear, *"I'll be really good from now on, I promise!"* Rob ignored her pleas with a kind of slow-burning disdain, inclining his head towards the staircase.

"Up to your room right now," he replied in a gravel voice, "I'll be along in a few minutes; you know what to do."

"Daddy, pleeease –"

"NOW!!"

Wailing in terror, Vanessa ran up the stairs in tears, having failed to overturn her sentence. There would be no clemency, no lenience, no last second pardon. She was going to be spanked like a naughty little girl. It wasn't fair, it wasn't right, and there was nothing she could do to prevent it.

Stepping through the open doorway, Vanessa glanced around her bedroom in utter panic. She had to get ready, prepare for her swiftly-approaching punishment. First, she needed to drag the heavy, straight-backed chair to the

middle of her bedroom. It had to be placed facing the open windows, from where her spanking would be visible to half the neighborhood.

What came next would be even harder still. Vanessa had to bare herself, strip off her jeans and wait beside The Chair in her socks and underwear. By the time her Daddy arrived, she had to be ready for her spanking – and that was the worst part of all: even though she was now seventeen, Rob still bared her bottom whenever he spanked her.

Whimpering under her breath, 'Nessa scampered around the room, setting the furniture in order and climbing frantically out of her clothes. Her head spun in near-hysteria, her tummy swarmed with butterflies. Time was running out, and he was probably already on his way up. He'd be here any minute, and she couldn't afford to be so much as too seconds late. As it turned out, she didn't have long to wait. Her heart practically leapt into her throat as she heard her Father's footsteps on the stairs.

2.

Rob entered the room a few moments later, his jaw set in lines of grim determination. Vanessa immediately renewed her appeals for leniency, suggesting several alternatives to traditional punishment – grounding, extra chores, loss of privileges, even corner-time. All in vain; Robert Norman was not a man to be trifled with. Judgment had already been pronounced, justice would be served without delay.

Scowling, Rob seated himself in the chair and ordered her to finish her preparations. At the same time he started to roll up his shirt sleeve, right forearm rippling with thick, corded tendons. At this, 'Nessa broke down completely, as she knew precisely what came next.

"Please, Daddy, nooo", she implored, nonetheless following his curt instructions to the letter. The moment had arrived, it was time to bare her bottom for a long and thorough hand-spanking! Weeping in utter misery, she begged him to let her keep her underwear on, to spank her over her panties.

"Please don't make me take them down, ohhhh, nooo, please, please, Daddy!!" Her

Her desperate appeals were met only with her Father's stern threat to make it much worse if she didn't get those panties down *right now!*

Voicing a tiny sob, Vanessa faced away from him, taking hold of the elastic waistband of her low-cut cotton underpants. Tugging them slowly down in back, her full, pale backside came gradually into view.

At first, Vanessa tried to get away with a partial baring, lowering her underwear just a few inches in the back. Needless to say, Rob would have none of it. Face darkening with anger, he told her to get them all the way down. Groaning in abject humiliation, 'Nessa peeled the sheer cotton fabric down to her knees, revealing her sleek, naked bottomtops to her Father. She wept in undisguised shame, tears glistening on her cheeks like liquid diamonds. She hated being treated like a little girl, it was degrading beyond all description.

3.

Rob ordered her to turn around. Moaning lightly under her breath, Vanessa obeyed his command in tear-soaked silence. She was literally blushing from head to toe, standing there with her panties down as her Father subjected her to another one of his patented pre-spanking lectures.

Eyes downcast in complete and utter misery, 'Nessa covered herself in front with both hands, feeling a cold rush of gooseflesh over her tummy, thighs and shoulders. She was clearly anxious to hide herself from his eyes, so he instructed her to hold her hands behind her, adding to her humiliation. He continued scolding her this way for another few minutes.

When she was finally bid to go over his knee, Rob made sure that she was placed in the most vulnerable position possible. He guided her across his lap until her head was nearly touching the floor, her hands pushing back on the rug to keep her balance. Her buttocks were thrust upward, jack-knifing over his right thigh, and her toes just touched the floor on the other side. The slightly splayed cheeks were clenching off and on, trying to guess when the first smack would land.

Vanessa was crying softly in her embarrassment and apprehension. She continued to plead for mercy, with soft "pleases", "don'ts", "daddys" and "nos" in various combinations. When his left arm gripped her tightly around the waist, she knew it was finally coming and tensed her entire body. Vanessa had not forgotten how hard her Father spanked, nor how long he always kept it up.

"Please, Daddy, no no no...", she cried, just

before that wide, determined palm landed for the first time. From then on, as the spanking progressed at a steady pace, Vanessa found it difficult to gather strength for such entreaties. Her crying and yelps of pain her shocked and breathless.

The smacks of her Father's hand on her full, round bottom rang out in the bedroom. Describing increasing redness of Vanessa's bottom, and how she squirmed across his lap, would simply be stating the obvious. There are, however, some more abstract features which are worth noting.

Rob Norman spanked extremely hard. As a general rule, he swung his arm down fast and hard in a high, wide arc, putting his strong wrist and forearm to use at the end of each smack. Vanessa's bottom became thoroughly pink after only ten of these.

The second noteworthy feature was that her Father always spanked for an exceptionally long time. He generally spanked her for at least five minutes, often much longer. His steady over-hand pace did not let up until the halfway mark, and even only for a short break to rest his arm and scold Vanessa before starting up again. It goes without saying that Vanessa struggled a great deal during these prolonged spanking sessions, wailing and sobbing beneath his intractable hand.

The third important feature of The Norman Regimen was that Rob was very thorough. He spanked relentlessly across both cheeks in rapid succession, scalding the flesh halfway down the thighs. For this latter agony, he held one thigh apart from the other with his left hand.

The final distinguishing feature of Vanessa's spankings was that they were carried out in front of an open window. Whenever Vanessa lowered her panties for her father, the entire scene was visible to half the neighborhood – particularly to the brownstones across the road, as she would later learn to her eternal dismay.

Her Father's purpose in these steps was to add considerable humiliation to Vanessa's punishment. The open curtains added a public element to an already communal spectacle. The sound of her spankings echoed up and down the length of Willow Street. Vanessa knew this must be so – though she naturally hoped against hope that no one heard.

Vanessa had learned through painful experience that she was never to adjust the drapes. On the one occasion she had tried to conceal her shame, Rob had angrily thrust the curtains open and spanked her all the harder. Much as

wanted to hide her disgrace from outside world, she never dared risk it again.

This particular spanking – one of the longest Vanessa had ever received – clocked in at close to nineteen minutes, a record even for the Norman household. At the same time, however, it was not uncommon for her to receive over four hundred solid smacks in a single session over her Father's knee.

Rob started out on her lower cheeks, pinkening her naked chubbs for several minutes before getting down to the main business. He was determined to teach the girl a lesson she'd never forget. Vanessa shrieked in pain from the very first swat, quickly losing all composure with each thunderous strike.

It isn't hard to understand why Vanessa was so afraid of her Father's punishments. By the time he finished, her bottom was a very bright red, shining like a storm-beacon on some occasions. It stung fiercely with a sharp lancing pain, glowing with liquid heat as 'Nessa lay sobbing across her Father's lap. He always waited until she could get up by herself, hurrying her along if she took too much time with a few additional smacks and scolding remarks.

This was hardly Vanessa's first spanking, and it most certainly wouldn't be her last – she was, in fact, a veteran of the 'sunny bottom jig', as her parents politely referred to her periodic tantrums. It was, however, the first time she'd begun to question why she was the only girl up on Oak Ridge to receive such demeaning punishments.

It's often said that curiosity killed the cat, but in Vanessa's case, the bait was too tempting to resist. In seeking the answer to her questions, she discovered far more than she had ever anticipated.

CHAPTER TWO: SECRETS

It may seem strange that any girl of the present day could be spanked well into her late teens. It certainly appeared that way to Vanessa Norman – so far as she knew, none of her friends were subjected to such grueling penalties, especially over something so trivial as a mouthful of common backchat. Believing she was the only girl on her block to be punished like an errant child, 'Nessa frequently went to extreme lengths to conceal this "shocking" revelation from her classmates.

Ironically enough, this sentiment was shared by many of her acquaintances, most of whom assumed they were the sole recipients of paternal justice. There was no mystery behind this proverbial code of silence: none of them were willing to admit they were spanked on a regular basis, and naturally preferred mute humiliation to public exposure. Vanessa was no exception. Keeping her own council throughout her adolescence, she didn't stumble across the town's dark secret until well into her eighteenth year.

It was only by accident that Vanessa found out about the other girls in her neighborhood. Thinking back over all the years they'd spent together, it felt odd she'd never considered the possibility before. As it turned out, none of them had. Despite knowing each other for well over a decade, the matter had never really come up in conversation – at least, not since the sixth grade, to be more precise. The very idea that any of them were still regularly spanked by either of their parents – well into their high school years – seemed down right impossible. The truth was far more prosaic than they'd supposed, especially after all the details began to emerge.

Vanessa began to suspect she was not alone shortly before her eighteenth birthday. There'd been rumors exchanged in the study hall, gossip that nobody appeared to take very seriously, most of which was based entirely on speculation and hearsay. 'Nessa tended to dismiss it all as idle schoolyard fantasy, despite viewing the subject with endless fascination. Looking back on that fateful summer some years later, Vanessa sometimes wondered how she'd managed to miss all the signs ...which, in retrospect at least, had seemed virtually unmistakable.

2.

'Nessa's suspicions were confirmed one warm spring evening when she stopped by the Robinson place to drop off some borrowed Tupperware. Alighting on the front porch around 7.30, she'd raised her hand to ring the door bell, only to freeze in surprise at the sounds she heard issuing from within. There was no mistaking the plaintive, high-pitched cries, the sharp, staccato crack of hand on flesh.

Tilting her head to one side, 'Nessa listened in near-disbelief, eyes widening in astonishment. She couldn't dismiss the testimony of her own senses: somebody was getting a spanking – an extremely vigorous one, by the sound of it. Blushing all the way

to her hairline, 'Nessa placed the tupperware on the front doorstep and walked quietly back the way she'd come. Looking back only once as she reached the sidewalk, she shook her head in bewilderment. The Robinsons only had one child, her friend Marilyn ... but she wasn't a child – she was nearly sixteen, a young woman in every sense of the word. How could this be possible?

Arriving home a few minutes later, Vanessa went straight up to her room to reflect on her discovery. This epiphany had literally altered her most fundamental perceptions: she wasn't alone after all. The implications were both obvious and astounding in their scope. There were others like her – girls who were shamed and scolded and spanked by their parents like errant six year olds. Where there had been one, there were now two, and where there were two ...there would *have* to be more.

As events would later prove, spanking was far more common up on Oak Ridge than she could ever have imagined.

3.

Within a few days, Vanessa had approached Mary Robinson to discuss the unspeakable, and from there the dominos seemed to fall in a slow-motion cascade. Persuading any of her friends to discuss the matter was challenging to say the least, but when 'Nessa volunteered information on her own punishments, the others eventually opened up and gave some details in exchange. With one exception, all were relieved that they weren't the only one. Terri Rawlings alone remained too embarrassed to discuss her spankings – at least at first.

They were spanked in different ways, too. Of the seven she knew about – four close friends and the sister of one – only Carol Lane and Mary Robinson were spared the indignity of having their underpants taken down. During their initial discussions on the subject, Mary was particularly shocked when Vanessa revealed that she was spanked on the bare bottom. 'Nessa, for her part, listened in mute fascination as Mary described the circumstances surrounding her ongoing penalties.

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CHAPTER THREE: MARYLIN

Marylin Robinson was the youngest of Vanessa's circle, a sophomore in high school with giggling eyes and an impish smile. Wearing her straight blond hair in a page-boy cut, she possessed an innocent, almost childlike appearance, quite uncharacteristic for most girls her age. Despite her relative youth, she'd become one of 'Nessa's closest confidants, largely due to the similar (and somewhat painful) experiences they'd come to share.

During their frequent conversations, Mary revealed that she was spanked on average roughly once a month, usually over minor disagreements or furtive misconduct. As far back as she could recall, her Father had handled such grievances with a cool mind and a sharp hand. Subsequently, she never had anyone to blame but herself. She'd learned from a very early age that the slightest disobedience would result in severe repercussions, regardless of the circumstances.

Her childhood had been an epic of paternal conflicts. Barry Robinson had a firm belief in the benefits of a hot, smarting bottom and never hesitated to demonstrate the sincerity of his convictions. Willful misbehavior led to a one-way trip over Barry's knee with her skirt flipped back and her panties on open exhibition. This was generally followed by twenty or thirty solid swats to the rear, focusing on the sensitive bulge overlapping the thigh and buttock.

During her formative years, Mary had accepted these periodic outrages as a normal part of everyday life, much the same as any other child. However, as she grew older and more rebellious, it became apparent that somewhat harsher measures were called for. Tightening his control over Mary's wayward behavior, Barry established a complex routine by which his little girl would submit to her punishment. By the time she turned fourteen, Mary was well-versed in the finer principles of ritual humiliation.

Her spankings usually began with an acid tongue-lashing in the living room, where she was informed of her most recent transgressions and of the penalty she could expect in return. Needless to say, Mary always tried to forestall the inevitable, begging for one last chance and wailing for forgiveness:

"No, Daddy, please don't, I'm sorry, please, please, Daddy, not a spanking, oooooh, no, no –"

The outcome to these high-level 'discussions' was always the same: Mary was sent down to the Rec Room to prepare for her spanking. There would be no appeal, no compromise, no further debate. The final verdict had been handed down. It was time for a good, smart spanking on the panties, and there was nothing she could say or do to avert her sentence.

Weeping now in open shame, Mary set off towards the basement, knowing that her fate was sealed. Her Daddy had promised her a spanking she would never live down, and he was never one to go back on his word.

The Rec Room was situated at the southern end of the house. Once there, she had to wait for him, bent over the back of an ancient leather armchair with her sleek, pantied bottom on full view. The suspense was practically unbearable: sometimes he made her wait as long as twenty minutes, and she never knew when her ordeal was about to begin.

When she heard his footsteps on the stairs, Mary sealed her eyes tightly shut and prepared for the worst, knowing it would only be a matter of time before the first stunning smack descended. The tears and pleas started almost instantly; Mary knew her Daddy spanked extremely hard for even the most trivial of offenses, and today would be no different to any other:

"No Daddy don't I'm sorry please don't, it'll hurt –"

Barry Robinson rarely listened to his daughter's tearful apologies, her guilt had already been established and he had more important business to attend to. Pausing only long enough to smooth her panties out until they fit like a second skin, he raised his hand high over his right shoulder, and her spanking began.

Mary wailed in distress under that furious barrage. Tense, quivering bottomtops seemed to explode with each stunning slap, the pain was little short of unbearable. Mary shimmied her hip from side to side, desperate to avoid that wide, burning palm. The spanking continued unabated, building up to a crescendo. As the fourth minute rolled by, Mary was screaming for an end to her torture.

"No Daddy stop it hurts please Daddy noooo –"

After more than five minutes of blue fire agony, Barry allowed himself a short break while Mary lay weeping over the back of the chair. She needed the time out – her punishment had only just begun, and she was not even half-way through at this point.

Giving her a minute or so to catch her breath, Barry moved on to the second act of

their family drama. Picking up a paddle from the nearby ping-pong table, he tested it thoughtfully against his left hand. Mary whimpered in anticipation, knowing what to expect next. After a few seconds, Barry seemed to reach a decision: *yes, the paddle will do nicely*. Nodding to himself in tacit approval, he walked back to his daughter and began to apply it to the upraised seat of her panties. This was, at the very least, a thousand times worse than the hand-spanking.

Barry Robinson knew how to wield a racket; years of training had strengthened his wrist and honed his technique. Mary shrieked at the top of her lungs as the paddle bit into her upraised bottom, alternating from left to right almost faster than the eye could follow. A deep, scarlet flush worked its way slowly down her thighs, darkening to an angry, shining purple.

By the time Barry laid the paddle down – at least ten minutes later, by all accounts – Mary was sobbing limply over the armchair, her freshly-smacked bottom trembling with suppressed agony. This had been one of the longest – and hardest – spankings she'd ever suffered. Unfortunately, Mary doubted it would be the last time she'd endure such a prodigious thrashing. As she would later explain to Vanessa, her Father had promised that her next spanking would be far worse if she didn't straighten up and fly right.

Oddly enough, Barry had never pulled down Marilyn's underwear for her spanking, despite his frequent threats to make the 16-year-old's next punishment on the bare. Consequently, she often wondered what it would feel like, being forced to expose her nude, trembling bottom-cheeks before her Father's unwavering scrutiny.

Vanessa, of course, could have answered that question in extensive detail. She knew exactly how it felt... though she never would have admitted it in a million years.

As Mary concluded her narrative, 'Nessa recalled the night she'd dropped off the tupperware set on the Robinson's front step. Given the severity of the punishment, it was obvious how 'Nessa had managed to hear the spanking all the way out on the porch.

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CHAPTER FOUR: VERONICA

Veronica Stephen's home situation was considerably different to Mary's. Her parents had divorced when she was twelve, and it had been extremely hard on all concerned. Both Ronnie and her younger sister – Elisabeth by name – had missed their father terribly, and life had seemed rather bleak in his absence. Lacking the stability of a strong male role-model, their prospects for a normal household seemed to diminish day after day.

Three years later, their mother had remarried, and things had started to look up almost immediately. Their new stepfather, Lieutenant Thomas Stephens, was genuinely fond of the girls and treated them with a healthy level of warmth and kindness. Within a few weeks of the wedding, Ronnie came to accept him as a surrogate parent, impressed by his generous disposition. Tom assumed his paternal responsibilities with the careless ease of a natural born leader, and everything seemed fine between stepfather and children.

All of that changed on the night Elizabeth stayed out late. In retrospect, it became clear that Liz was simply testing the limits with her New Daddy: she still missed her 'real' father and hadn't entirely adjusted to Tom's presence. It was inevitable that she would challenge his authority, if only to see how far she could go.

Despite his easy-going nature, Tom knew that he had to stand his ground in this instance. He sent Elisabeth straight to her room, then sat down with his wife to discuss how best to proceed. He was vaguely surprised that she was more than open to discussion on this particular issue.

Mrs Amy Stephens had no illusions concerning her wayward offspring: she knew precisely which course of action they should take, and made her views known without a moment's delay. This wasn't the first time she'd had this conversation.

As she explained, both of her children had undergone regular discipline in the past. Elisabeth had literally no excuse for her act of defiance; she understood the terms of her curfew, and was well aware that her actions always had consequences. She'd learned that much from her natural father, who had handled most of the household discipline back in the day.

For the deliberate disregard of a family rule – missing dinner time completely and never phoning – a spanking would most definitely

have been in order. Neither of the girls been spanked since the divorce, and as a result, their behavior had become perceptively worse over the past few years. Elisabeth's recent misconduct was clear evidence of how badly she – and Ronnie, for that matter – needed correction.

Both Tom and his wife agreed that they should deal with the problem before it grew any worse. Elisabeth had to be disciplined the same way she'd been brought up – with a bare-bottom, over-the-knee spanking. Tom was a little hesitant, but Mrs Stephens considered it an absolute necessity. Tom had to establish his authority before the girls lost all respect for him.

Veronica well remembered what happened after her parents met that evening. Elisabeth was called into the parental bedroom, and her voice was soon heard echoing in frantic protest. "No, you can't, you can't!" was repeated over and over. Veronica could guess what was coming, and before long, the steady Smack-Smack-Smack of a good, hard spanking rang through the house for the next ten minutes. Listening apprehensively from two doors down the hall, Veronica understood that her new Father meant business.

2.

Veronica gained some 'first-hand' experience only a few weeks later. The first time had been the most embarrassing, all the more because she had earned her punishment in the morning but had to wait until evening to receive it. She had gotten into a dispute with her mother – something strictly forbidden by the Powers That Be – and while Tom hadn't had time to deal with her on the spot, he left her in no doubt as to what to expect the moment he got home from work. She'd spent the rest of her day confined to her bedroom haunted by the image of herself, standing before him with her pants taken down for a spanking and her plump, ripe bottom on rude display to the world.

When she heard the car pulling into the driveway, Ronnie nearly fainted from anxiety. She was called to his room a scant ten minutes later, her knees quaking like jelly. All of her worst fears had come true in a matter of seconds – here she was, standing before him all but whimpering with shame. His hands found her zipper and suddenly, her jeans were bunched around her ankles before she could utter a single word of protest.

At that point, Tom had proceeded to take down her underwear, peeling them down to

her knees while she moaned in tearful embarrassment: *Noooooo*. It was more than she could bear, she almost collapsed in pink-faced shame. Taking her firmly by the wrist, Tom centered her carefully on his lap, distributing her weight evenly to either side of his paired knees.

Tom raised his calloused right hand and the spanking started immediately, transforming her lily-white bottom into a blazing, splotchy red. That first spanking had been an epic of Homeric proportions; until that time, Ronnie had never realized how much a spanking could actually hurt. Suffice to say, she'd suffered no such delusions afterwards.

3.

Since that first journey over her stepfather's knee, it had become about as familiar as any other part of Ronnie's life. At close to eighteen years of age, Ronnie tended to earn herself a spanking once every six weeks or so, most often at the height of summer when she had more time to get up to mischief. By that date, a strict routine had been established which both girls had to follow without question.

Whenever 'swift justice' was required, Veronica would report to her parents' room, where Tom would subject her to a lengthy scolding, listing her transgressions one by one. Once the preliminaries were concluded, Ronnie had to drop her shorts and assume the prostrate position over her stepfather's knee – her long golden hair falling to the floor on one side while her panties were being tugged down to fall around her ankles on the other.

Even after three years, she had never become so used to this act of baring that she didn't blush with shame at the sight her pale, naked backside and long, tanned legs afforded her stepfather. A zither of gooseflesh always prickled her cheeks in those final, endless moments, and she had to bite her lip to hold back tears of shame.

For the most part, Tom generally spanked the girls by hand, but in recent months, he'd started using the sole of his size ten slipper to explain his views. Veronica's pulse always quickened when she saw the long, thick leather strip in his hand. The sole was viciously painful; a single stroke across her tightly clenched bottomtops would leave her gasping for breath – and she knew that she could expect at least ten minutes over Tom's knee.

"No, Daddy, don't," Ronnie sobbed as Tom raised his muscular right arm. Then that black leather sole would flash down over the girl's

girl's tender bottom-tops for at least ten minutes, searing cheek and thigh simultaneously. By the end of the session, Ronnie's fesses often shone as red as a pair of maraschino cherries.

This was by no means an extraordinary performance on Tom's part; Ronnie usually ate her meals seated on a cushion for days afterwards. Thomas Stephens was nothing if not assiduous, and neither of his stepdaughters could complain he'd ever neglected his duties toward them. They, on the hand, might well have protested that he was a little *too* effective in the fulfillment of his responsibilities.

CHAPTER FIVE: CAROLINE

Unlike Veronica, Carol Lane was always spanked by her Mother, usually in the living room with her Dad free to watch if he happened to be downstairs. Carol found this state of affairs particularly mortifying; she had often pleaded with her mother to be punished in the privacy of her own bedroom:

"Please Mommy, spank me upstairs, I don't want Daddy to see, you don't know how awful it is for me, please –"

– always to no avail. As Mrs Lane frequently pointed out, there were only the three of them in the house, and if Carol was embarrassed by her father's presence, she shouldn't misbehave in the first place. On the other hand, her Father could just as well spank her himself, if she found the present arrangements unsatisfactory. Carol usually backed down after these implied threats were made.

Her spankings took place invariably in the evening. She would help her mother clear the table after dinner and clean up in the kitchen, after which her mother would dismiss her to her room for ten minutes or so to wait to be called down to the living room. Carol was always afraid that someone would come to the door, or that someone would call when she was over her mother's knee.

Mrs. Lane would scold Carol for several minutes as the woebegone young girl stood in front of her, head downcast, apologizing for her misbehavior. The lecture was only a brief reprieve; far worse lay ahead. Calling Carol over to her right side, her Mother would undo the belt and zipper of Carol's jeans, her standard outfit, and push them down to her lower thighs. This was the moment that Carol hated the most: having her pants taken down in the

the living room reminded her of her every childhood spanking she'd ever been forced to endure.

(needless to say, Carol had no idea how fortunate she truly was. Some of her closest friends would have given anything to be allowed to keep their underwear up. Vanessa in particular would have traded places with her in an instant)

At that point, Mrs Lane took her daughter's wrist and guided her well over her lap, leaving Carol's full bottom poised high over her mother's right knee. Carol usually wore sheer cotton panties, which when stretched taut in this position were almost transparent.

Only her Mother's hand was used on most occasions, but always for a solid ten minutes until Carol's entire bottom glowed red through the filmy knickers, upper thighs flaring a bright crimson. Carol always tried to take her medicine in silence, but was inevitably reduced to shrieks of pain within the first minute. The fact that her Daddy had witnessed the whole affair from start to finish made it seem all the worse.

Every few months or so Carol's behavior would merit – in her Mother's opinion, at least – an implement more painful than her hand, and Carol would be quite upset on those occasions when arriving downstairs to find the antique mahogany hairbrush sitting on the coffee table. A well-polished heirloom handed down from Carol's grandmother, it had warmed her panty-clad bottom more often than she cared to remember (though the word 'warm' was something of an understatement in this context).

The mere presence of the brush sent Carol into near-hysterics. Faced with the prospect of a spanking too painful to be described, she instantly lapsed into a litany of tearful promises, begging her Mother to assign her some lesser penalty.

"No Mommy, not the brush, please Mommy, nooooo!"

Her panties offered no protection as the hairbrush streaked down on her prim, white bottom-cheeks. Kick and struggle though she might, there was no escaping her punishment. Ten minutes over her Mommy's lap always left her writhing in agony. She often thrashed about spasmodically, attempting to pitch herself onto the floor. The brush flashed repeatedly against her butt, flattening her buns. Carol was overcome by a searing cascade of fire, her tummy went into spasm as a radiant warmth spread through her body. She felt ready to explode.

Just when Carol thought she could take no more, the brush would halt at the zenith of it up-swing. It was over, she'd reached her limit. Draped across her Mother's lap like a rag doll, Carol wept in exhausted relief. How long had it been this time? Ten minutes? Fifteen? She was never quite sure, it always seemed to go on forever.

After the evening's festivities were concluded, Carol was sent up to bed early, adding another note of shame to her already humiliating discipline. Carol never dared protest her juvenile treatment, counting herself lucky not to have found herself standing in the corner with her nose to the wall. After all, things could have been much worse.

In point of fact, very few of Carol's friends had any idea how bad a spanking could actually get. That dubious honor was reserved for one unfortunate girl who lived two blocks down The Ridge, a high school junior whose tale was so terrifying that – for a while, at least – it seemed that it might never be told.

CHAPTER SIX: TERRI

As mentioned above, Terri Rawlings was extremely hesitant to discuss her spankings. Shy and reticent by nature, she was plainly embarrassed by the topic and refused to broach the subject with 'Nessa or any of her other friends. This was rather odd, considering that – unknown to herself – Terri had been the subject of considerable gossip around Oak Ridge over the past few months.

Spankings had always been frequent in the Rawlings household and had become something of an open secret in the past six weeks. This was because Big John Rawlings always spanked his daughter in the Annex; a large, open plan apartment adjoining the house. Wide picture windows granted access to the interior, and a great many people had witnessed Terri being punished in the traditional fashion – far more than she might have imagined.

Terri Rawlings lived almost perpetual fear – she never knew when the hand of justice was about to descend on lush, ripe posterior. Big John was probably the strictest disciplinarian up on the Ridge, and he took his responsibilities very seriously indeed. Consequently, Terri was spanked far more often than any of her friends, despite being the most well-behaved of the group. Unlike most girls her age, Terri

felt no desire to test her Father's limited store of patience.

Big John always spanked his daughter in the Annex. Originally conceived as guest house for overnight visitors, it had become the scene of countless bare bottomed humiliations; spankings so severe that Terri initially refused to admit they even occurred.

It was only after months of cajoling that Vanessa broke down her friend's defenses and the truth finally came out. Terri's most recent spanking still fresh in her memory, having taken place less than a week previously. Recounting that near-traumatic experience was almost more than she could bear, and as the picture gradually emerged over a period of days, 'Nessa came to understand why...

2.

Terri Rawlings sat alone in the Annex, weeping quietly as she contemplated her forthcoming punishment. She'd been crying from the moment John sent her here more than half an hour ago. As was often the case, she had no idea what she'd done to incur his displeasure, Big John had simply told her to wait on the sofa until he arrived. Further comment was unnecessary; she'd learn the nature of her offence when the time came.

Terri had come to regard the Annex as her personal chamber of horrors. On the far wall was a series of hooks, from which dangled array of belts, straps and paddles; one for every conceivable form of corporal discipline, from the looks of things. Terri glanced up at them with a shudder, knowing full well that one would applied to her naked backside very soon.

John Rawlings walked into the room, shirt-sleeves already rolled up to his elbows. A tall, muscular gentleman in his late thirties, he commanded respect by virtue of his size alone. Terri looked roughly six years old standing next to him, particularly when there was a spanking on the cards.

Hands planted firmly on his hips, John informed her that he'd received a call from her school last Thursday; apparently she'd been noted absent from her afternoon classes and her teachers had been worried about her sudden disappearance. She was, after all, one of their finest students, and it was completely out of character for her just up and vanish without so much as a word of explanation.

Terri immediately began to plead with him in a shaky voice. It was clear from the intensity of her arguments that she didn't think she deserved her impending punishment. It wasn't

her fault: she hadn't skipped class, she'd simply been in the study hall, following her regular time-table. It was scheduling mistake, the school must have gotten her classes mixed up, that was what all this was about, it *had* to be!

"Please Daddy, I've never missed a class in my life, please don't spank me, I don't deserve it, please, no, no –"

Putting a hand to his chin, John seemed to consider her words with a mild nodding of his head. For the slightest moment, Terri thought she saw a ray of hope. Maybe – just *maybe* – he'd actually let her off with a warning. It had never happened before, and she could never expect it to happen again, but there was always a first time for everything.

Unfortunately for Terri, it proved to be little more than smoke and mirrors: John had already ruled that her sentence would stand, regardless of all mitigating circumstances – that had been a forgone conclusion so far as he was concerned. Looking back on the incident, Terri realized that her Father had deliberately misled her, deciding to add insult to injury as it were. It was cruel, it was spiteful, perhaps even vindictive, but it was nothing less than she should have expected.

Terri was now much more upset with her upcoming fate than she would have been if her hopes had not been raised. A note of hysteria touched her voice as she continued her futile pleas up to the end; her repeated *"No, Daddy, no, please, no..."* mingled with little racking sobs as her Father took down the leather strap from its hook.

She was led over to the chair by her Father, who after sitting down, watched her expectantly, flexing the strap between his hands. Knowing what she was required to do, Terri reached tearfully back to grasp the hem of her pleated skirt, reluctantly gathering it up to reveal her white cotton underpants.

John patted his right knee and Terri, still holding her skirt up in back, leaned carefully forward until she was doubled up over his lap. John guided her into position with left hand, balancing her at midpoint over his knee, then instructed her to finish her preparations. This was, without question, the part Terri hated the most, that moment of supreme humiliation when she was required to take down her own panties.

"No, Daddy, not this time, please, please –" Terri sobbed plaintively, *"don't make me take them down again, please don't –"*

Her words cut short by her Father's angry growl: "I said NOW, young lady!" Terri

quickly reached back and grasped the elastic band of her underwear. She was then forced to raise her buttocks in order to completely tug them down to the middle of her thighs.

Terri was crying softly even before she felt her Father raise the strap over his head. The moment was finally upon her: she stiffened her entire body in anticipation – her bottom clenched, her back arched and her eyes widened when the first burning smack whipped across her cheeks.

3.

Mr. Rawlings swung the strap in a high, wide arc, making a loud thwack as it came down across Terri's clutching posterior. He would concentrate on one side of her bottom and sometimes even just one small area until she would howl and buck across his lap, and then he would move on to yet-unchastened territory.

"Not the same spot, Daddy!" Terri protested more than once, but in vain, of course. John continued laying in with the strap; it didn't take that long for Terri's entire nether globes to glow with the brilliant red that only a soundly applied strap will produce.

After several dozen strokes, Terri was crying very hard and very loud. Her bottom was livid, the strap having left marks half way down to her thighs. Terri was still struggling; every once in awhile jerking her head up at an especially hard stroke. Then Mr. Rawlings stopped rather abruptly and dropped the strap to the floor. A few seconds later, he ordered Terri off his lap, directing her to the couch across the room.

Knowing what was coming next, Terri bent her well-strapped bottom over the back of the sofa, begging her Father for "no more". In reply, John took down the long, thick paddle off the wall and walked over to his daughter. He was going to teach Terri a completely new definition to the word punishment.

Over the next ten minutes, Terri was made to count each and every stroke of the paddle as it was laid across the fullness of her sore, stinging behind. The pain was literally beyond description, save for the ear-piercing shrieks that attended each blazing strike.

Vanessa listened with bated breath as Terri concluded her testimonial. This was, without exception, the most harrowing story she'd heard so far; her own experiences paled almost to insignificance by comparison. She now understood why her friend had been so reluctant to share.

CHAPTER SEVEN: CINDY

Cindy Lawson was no stranger to the baring of the bottom. At little more than sixteen years of age, she was well acquainted with this ritual of humiliation; hardly a month went by when she wasn't forced to take her panties down in full view of the Paternal gaze. The image had been etched deep in her memory, haunting her every waking moment with agonized intensity.

Her parents could be described as experts in the disciplinary arts. Cindy had originally been spanked by her mother until she was twelve, usually by hand in the privacy of her own bedroom. Such punishments generally lasted less than a minute, turning her pantied bottom pink. Up to that point, she'd never been chastised by her Father, so her very first spanking over his knee had come as the shock of a lifetime. Suffice it to say, she put up great deal of resistance before cooler heads (and firmer hands) prevailed. On that occasion, Dan Lawson took down her shorts and panties himself after pulling her over his lap.

One of her most vigorous spankings took place not long after her sixteenth birthday. She had gone on an interview for a summer job, believing she looked very grown up and professional in her tight black dress. She had gotten the job and gone out with some friends to celebrate. They lost track of the time and also she had more than her share of the pitcher of beer. As the night wore on Dan had become increasingly worried about her and immediately noticed the beer on her breath as soon as she got home. The tight black dress had come straight off, right there in the living room.

Placing Cindy over his lap in nothing but her bra and panties, he ignored her pleas and bared her bottom for a spanking. It was the first time he had bared her in over a year. He was surprised by the suppleness of her skin, and the sense of utter vulnerability that her buttocks conveyed in their softness and pouting fullness down where they met her thighs. There could be no doubt that Daddy's 'little girl' was growing up.

2.

Cindy sometimes felt more than his hand. Serious offences were rewarded with an extremely hard paddling, usually in the living room doubled over the ottoman. Dan's weapon of choice was a two foot cedar paddle he'd

found in a back-street curio shop some years before. Smooth, dark and gleaming with menace, it was the perfect means of communication when dealing with recalcitrant daughters.

There were very few things Cindy feared as much as that long, black plank, hanging ominously over the mantle piece. The mere sight of the thing never failed to reduce her to tears; it was the most formidable weapon in her Father's considerable repertoire. Oddly enough, as Cindy advanced through adolescence, her encounters with the "Gentle Persuader" became increasingly frequent. By the time she turned seventeen, her bottom was kissing the plank almost every second week.

On one occasion, her fear was so overwhelming that she ran away for an entire day, getting as far as the Bus Terminal over on Greenmeadows Avenue before lack of funds forced her to turn back and accept her fate. Returning home around nine PM that night, she entered by way of the back door, still hoping to avoid her just desserts. Fearfully avoiding her Father's notice – or so she thought – Cindy snuck down to her mother's basement workroom, where she could usually be found after dinner.

Cindy hoped to enlist her mother's aid in her desperate attempt to evade discipline. She was now nearly eighteen, and naturally considered herself too old for a spanking over her Daddy's lap. Despite her resolve, however, Cindy knew she'd need an ally if she was ever going to stand up to her Father.

Unfortunately, Cindy's Mom possessed very little sympathy for her wayward child. Being a firm disciplinarian in her own right, she firmly approved of her husband's approach to domestic harmony. So long as she lived under their roof, Cindy would always be subject to her parents' authority. Her Father had every right to spank her, especially when she broke the rules or treated him with disrespect. Cindy could expect no support here: she was long overdue for a hot, throbbing bottom and it was high time she faced the consequences of her actions.

At the end of the day, Cindy was a compliant and obedient daughter, she found it virtually impossible to argue with her mother under even the most extreme of circumstances. Despite her protestations, Cindy was led by the arm up to the living room, where her Father sat waiting, his expression more one of disappointment than anger.

It was time for the paddle once more.

Cindy burst into tears the moment she saw the plank waiting for her on the table, its polished surface glittering in the lamplight. She couldn't help herself, she knew precisely how hard her Daddy was going to spank her and that no amount of pleas or promises would change his mind. She'd been unforgivably naughty, running away like an errant six year old. Now that they'd gotten her safely home, she'd be getting everything she deserved – and a little more besides.

"No Daddy, no, not the paddle, please not the paddle!"

Instead of being sent upstairs, Cindy was instructed to raise her skirt and lie over the ottoman with her panties down. The paddling would be carried out with her mother present; this would be a long and exquisitely painful session, a crescendo of agony which she would remember for the rest of her life. So there she was, lying over the ottoman with her plaid skirt pulled completely out of the way of her trim, rounded backside. Dan had made her reach back and tug her own panties down, all the way to the back of her knees, where they rested a few inches above her white knee socks.

Crying softly after this abject humiliation, she suffered through one of Dan's scathing harangues, her long black hair brushing the floor as she'd begged him not to use the paddle. How she'd pleaded for mercy when he'd finally patted it down across the middle of her bared, upraised, vulnerable bottom-cheeks!

After what seemed like an eternity, that foot-long cedar implement was put into action – a good, hard paddling that raised blisters all over Cindy's bared bottom and thighs. She bucked and squirmed and wailed throughout the entire ordeal. Dan laid on swat after solid swat on Cindy's crimson and swollen buttocks, especially the region overlapping the top of her thighs.

It was a spanking for the ages. Dan put everything he had into each whack of the paddle onto Cindy's upraised buttocks. She began shrieking for him to stop, weaving her hynie back and forth in a futile attempt to relieve her torment.

"No Daddy don't it hurts please daddy stop it don't –"

Caught up in heat of the moment, Dan went on considerably longer than intended. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed. When he finally laid the paddle down, Cindy's bottom was glowing like a stoplight. Hot, thick tears slewed down her face, dripping onto the carpet

beneath. She felt so ashamed: here she was, all of eighteen year old, doubled over the ottoman with her panties down to her ankles, having her bottom spanked like a naughty little girl!

Upon hearing this story, Vanessa Norman could only empathize with her friend, having been in precisely the same position more often than she cared to remember. In many respects, Cindy's paddling had been every bit as excruciating as Terri's. 'Nessa wondered, not for the first time, how any of them managed to survive such insufferable torment.

CHAPTER EIGHT: MICHELLE

Of all Vanessa's friends, Michelle Bryant was the one she sympathized with the most. Coming from similar backgrounds, they had a great deal in common, and were ready to share secrets they would never have confided to anybody else. Both were in their final year of high school, both were preparing to enter college, and both had been raised by extremely traditional parents.

The one thing 'Nessa couldn't understand was how Michelle could ever have earned herself a spanking. She was an honors student with a spotless record. Soft spoken, polite and hard-working, she gave every appearance of being the perfect daughter in every respect. In response to 'Nessa's inquiries, Michelle replied that her parents held her to exactingly high standards, rarely overlooking even the slightest lapse in her character.

Michelle estimated that she was spanked at least once every two or three months, always by her Father and usually for minor offenses. Perhaps her most memorable spanking took place back in September (around the same time that Terri Rawlings had been strapped by her Father, 'Nessa noted with great interest). It had occurred, indirectly, due to a scheduling conflict up at the High School. After three of her afternoon classes had apparently been cancelled, Michelle had decided to walk out to the public library to research an upcoming paper. Her absence had been noted by several teachers, one of whom had seen her leaving the school grounds in the company of a senior named Danny Osbourne.

The matter had been reported to the vice-principal, who in turn called Michelle's mother. Needless to say, Mrs Bryant was less than impressed with her daughter's decision. Truancy of any kind was a court marshal

offence in the Bryant household, and Michelle had apparently skipped class to run off with some boy for the afternoon.

It had all been completely innocent, of course – Danny was simply her study partner and had offered to accompany her downtown. There had been no romantic element behind their rendezvous, their so-called 'involvement' amounted to nothing more than a peck on the cheek when they parted company.

The moment she arrived home, her Mother ordered her up to her room to wait until her Father got home from the drugstore, and Michelle knew very well what that meant. Recognizing the gravity of the situation, she'd followed her Mother's instruction without question.

As she waited in her room, anticipating yet another spanking across her Father's lap, a million thoughts ran through her head. There was the usual butterflies-in-the-stomach, the quickened heart and all-around agitation she felt no matter how often she was spanked. She could already imagine how her tear-soaked face and scalded bottom would look after her Daddy had finished with her.

All of her anxiety and fear mixed together in a type of trembling excitement. Michelle's senses seemed to her to be almost supernaturally alert. She was overwhelmed by the torrent of conflicting emotions currently engulfing her; dread, shame, anticipation – perhaps even downright terror.

Her classmates would not have recognized her as she sat on her bed waiting for her father's imminent arrival. The poised and confident valedictorian had vanished without a trace: in her bedroom waiting to be spanked, she was little more than a frightened little girl, quivering with nervous apprehension.

She felt very warm, despite the cool afternoon breeze and her light clothing. In real time she hadn't waited that long – maybe ten minutes – before her Father came in from the garage, but she was on the verge of collapse as the familiar knock sounded on her bedroom door.

Harry Bryant's face showed more curiosity than anger over his daughter's behavior. He was also more than a little puzzled at how indiscreet she had been. As was his custom, he gave Michelle a chance to explain her side of things instead of punishing her right off. This she did as far as promising that "nothing had happened", but she couldn't justify her absence from school that afternoon. And so the moment finally arrived for Michelle, along with the gruff command from her Father to

bring him her hairbrush from the dresser. She was breathing quickly now; walking over to the dresser, she had the sensation of being detached from herself, more of a spectator than a participant. The hairbrush had been used to spank her since she was eleven. Its wooden, oval back had become smooth with frequent use. She picked it up and delivered it to her Father, now seated on the edge of her bed, and waited by his side for the next command, the one that caused her the greatest shame and trepidation – to undress, and that meant completely. It was the one part of her spankings she'd never confessed to anyone, not even her closest friends.

She admitted to getting it on the bare, just like most of her friends, but she knew it was only a half-truth – she never said how bare. Long ago, her Father told her that she would always be spanked completely naked, no matter how old, because it would be a reminder that she was still their child, and so was still expected to obey them.

She thought of all this while she was unbuttoning her blouse, and then folding it over the back of the desk chair. She reached behind her to unhook her bra, then tugged down the shoulder straps and set it aside as well. Through all of this Michelle was blushing furiously, and averting her eyes from her Father. Her skin was a light tan from the beach, except for her pale breasts, which while not large were quite pert. She briefly held her forearm over the small rose-colored nipples but had to tend to the side zipper of her jean-skirt; as she leaned over her breasts swung free. The skirt fell around her ankles and she stepped out of it. Her embarrassment at this point was almost beyond description.

Now only her panties remained. As she put her fingers in the waistband, Michelle gave her Father a small imploring look, as if in hope he would relent and allow her to keep them on. It was almost a tradition; she had given him that look right at the end for as long as she could remember. It was no more successful this time than in the past. Mr. Brandt nodded impatiently, and Michelle bent forward and tugged down her panties past her knees, breasts swaying slightly, and her embarrassment reached its peak. Here she was, eighteen years old and about to enter college, taking down her panties in preparation for a spanking over her Daddy's knee! She took them off completely, set them on the chair with the rest of her clothes, and stood naked at her Father's side.

He made her stand there for close on a minute while he scolded her on her

behavior. Michelle felt the humiliation of her situation very keenly; she covered herself in front with her hands but it didn't change the totally helpless feeling that stripping had given her.

Having concluded the lecture, Mr. Bryant took his daughter's arm and guided her over his knee. Michelle's full buttocks came into view, raised high over his right thigh. They were sharply defined by tan lines; their whiteness was in stark contrast to the suntan on Michelle's back and legs. Harry noticed the goosebumps on her thighs and bottom, nodding to himself in tacit approval.

Staring at the carpet, waiting for the first biting smack of the hairbrush, Michelle's senses were filled by the feel of her Father's work pants against her bare skin, and the night air cool against her buttocks and legs. She reached back to grasp a chair leg for support with her right hand as her father's arm brought the first stroke of the hairbrush down on her lower right buttock. Michelle fought off the instinct to clench her buttocks tightly together; this only meant bruises later on. Each spank of the brush stung her like crazy, and the pain was building as her father gave the entire area its initial pinkening.

Despite the searing pain she felt, Michelle was required to want to assist in her own punishment. She clenched her hands against the chair legs, raising her bottom as if to meet the hairbrush halfway. Her Father laid in all the harder, determined that the punishment would have its intended effect.

After five minutes of constant smacks, the area defined by the tan lines was entirely reddened; the sting of the long hairbrushing was becoming too much for Michelle. She wailed and pleaded and asked forgiveness and sobbed as he first covered one cheek, then the other with sharp, wrist-flicking snaps of the brush. She could see in the dresser mirror how red her bottom was becoming. Then came some smacks on the top of her thighs, and Michelle howled with the pain, jumping up and nearly off her Father's lap. He held her down with his strong left arm while he finished her spanking with ten very hard smacks to each cheek, all on the fullest area just above the thigh. During these Michelle gasped and struggled and cried louder than ever.

Then it was all over. Her Father held her over his lap until she calmed down to the point where she was crying softly, then helped her up. Michelle stood there rubbing her bottom, still highly self-conscious but feeling very humble. Following the established protocol,

she thanked him for her spanking and apologized for what she had done. Mr. Bryant hugged her and stroked her hair, extracting a solemn promise that she would behave herself in future. When he left the room, Michelle fell on the bed in emotional as well as physical exhaustion. It wasn't long, though, before she got up to examine her bottom in the mirror, and she found herself reliving that long, hard spanking well into the night.

EPILOGUE

It may be said by way of postscript that the "Oak Ridge eight" were all spanked throughout their high school years, some more than others of course. The Ridge was something of an anomaly in the late twentieth century. Nestled in the sweeping foothills of the Dawnside Ranges, it was a placid, dreamy hamlet on the fringe of suburbia, the kind of town depicted in Norman Rockwell paintings. It was also one of the few remaining places where corporal discipline was still in common practice.

This didn't mean, however, that any of them lived in perpetual misery. Like most girls of the current generation, they went about their private business with the careless indulgence of youth. In a way, this was only to be expected: Carol Lane had always felt secure in the knowledge of her parents' love and Mary Robinson rarely complained over her treatment, even when she found herself on the receiving end of a well-deserved spanking. As things stood, most of them would soon leave The Ridge to begin lives free from all paternal authority.

Veronica Stephens moved upstate to Chamberlain University, where she majored in Pharmaceutical Sciences, while her sister Elizabeth followed just two years later (admittedly suffering numerous spankings over her stepfather's knee in the meantime). Both girls eventually settled down in the Courtland Valley to raise families of their own, living within walking distance of each other. They still maintain a close relationship with their erstwhile stepfather, holding no grudges over past 'discourtesies'.

Cindy Lawson's second attempt to flee Oak Ridge was considerably more successful than her first. Securing a scholarship to prestigious Lainsbury Academy, she graduated with honors to become an award-winning computer programmer. Naturally, her Father claimed that she owed all her success to the incessant spankings he'd administered during her adolescence.

There were exceptions to the rule, of course. Despite her impeccable academic record, Michelle Bryant decided to enroll at nearby

Greenmeadows Institute, opting to live at home with her parents. Some might have questioned her decision given her frequent encounters with the hairbrush, but the simple truth was that she loved her family more than anything else.

Terri Rawlings never quite managed to escape her Father's authoritarian influence. Refusing to finance her higher education, Big John gave her a choice between staying on as his unpaid housekeeper or being thrown out on the street. Thus reduced to the position of a domestic servant, Terri is forced to bear her bottom for a spanking at least twice a month – sometimes more, depending on her Father's whims. She still cries like a little girl when John sends her to the Annex, and her piercing shrieks can be heard halfway down the block.

As for the main character – whose name *isn't* really Vanessa Norman – very little more can be said that hasn't been disclosed within these pages. Prior to popular conception, the events presented herein are largely based on fact. Names and places have been changed, and certain events embellished for the sake of narrative structure, but the incidents described in this missive are otherwise one hundred percent accurate.

Yes, there are still a few places where teenaged girls are punished in the traditional manner, semi-rural communities on the periphery of modern society, where family values are held in higher regard than individual liberties. Although considered anachronistic by outsiders, they are notable for their low crime rates, bucolic atmosphere, and domestic harmony. Oak Ridge was only one such location, surrounded by neighboring townships which enjoyed much the same quality of life. Interestingly, Courtland County is known to have the highest percentage of marital success in the country, a figure generally ascribed by local residents to civic pride, strong role models and a surprisingly level of affluence.

Vanessa Norman would not have disagreed with this viewpoint. Graduating summa cum laude from Chamberlain University, she went on to a high profile career in Civil Law, making her fortune before returning to Oak Ridge at the age of twenty-nine. Currently married with two children, she runs a legal practice with her husband over in Greenmeadows.

Can her personal success be ascribed to early childhood discipline? There is, obviously, no way to tell – as 'Nessa is the first to admit. She notes, however, that Rob Norman is far more indulgent with his grandchildren than he ever was with her.

That is, of course, one of the many benefits to being a Grandparent.

Dear Camille

Letters to the Editor

Painful Memories

Dear Camille: I have vivid recollections of my first public spanking in the fourth grade. It took place one chill winter's morning after I'd left my homework in the dorm. Miss Holloway was utterly furious: this was the third time that month, and according to custom, I was due for a good, hard slippering before the entire class. Forced to stand in the front of the blackboard, touching my toes with my pantied bottom on display to all and sundry, I could feel my derriere jostling back and forth in anticipation. Looming to one side with a thick, weathered slipper in hand, Miss Holloway stood prepared to thrash my knickers in the finest English tradition.

Following the customary lecture, that black leather sole whipped down across my tightly clenched cheeks; six, seven, eight times until I was shrieking with agony. Searing, white hot pain cascaded down my thighs like liquid metal. Needless to say, my flimsy cotton underpants offered no protection whatsoever: if anything they seemed to accentuate each scalding bolt. It seemed to go on forever. Barely keeping my feet under that endless barrage, I had to press my palms flat on the floor to maintain my balance.

Once swift justice had been dispensed, I was sent back to my desk, choking back my tears and rubbing my swollen bottom under my skirt. The pain was so intense I could barely take my seat, you can well imagine how long the afternoon seemed to drag on after that vigorous pat-down. I cried softly on and off for an hour afterwards, trying to retain my composure in front of my classmates, knowing my face was practically glowing with bright, crimson shame. Even after the burning finally subsided, I still had to run the gauntlet of friend and foe alike, as my comrades examined my hot, throbbing bottom after school.

Custom demanded we meet behind the bicycle shed, where the victim's skirt was folded back and the knickers stretched high to reveal the rosy red buttocks (often the recipient was escorted against her will, though I submitted to this particular ordeal in lip-gnawing silence).

Gasps of admiration circled the group as I bent double from the waist and flipped my skirt back for inspection. This had been one of the hardest spankings any of us had ever endured; apparently the scarlet blush was pulsing clear through my panties like a storm beacon. Fingertips slid over my pert young bottom, exploring every tender inch with cries of shock and approval. I had to bite my tongue against the groans welling up in my throat; my sheer, snowy knickers felt impossibly taut against my outraged flesh, and I was almost fainting with embarrassment.

Looking back on this watershed event, a strange thought suddenly occurred to me. Despite the pain and humiliation I suffered that day, I have no recollection of what I was punished for. All I really remember was the thunderous clap of leather on tense, trembling girl-cheek; that, and the high, keening screams that were wrenched from my tummy as the slipper bit into my sensitive thigh-tops.

Fortunately, every cloud had a silver lining. I'd joined a rather exclusive club, having survived a whipping that would have reduced a lesser girl to a quivering mass of tears. Duly elevated in status, my honor guard accompanied me back to the dorm, reliving every torturous stroke along the way. The stories spread across the entire school over the next few days, and for a short time at least, I was treated with a kind of disbelieving awe.

All the same, I couldn't shake the feeling that my closest friends were

holding out for a repeat performance. As a matter of fact, a few of them seemed determined to orchestrate an encore of my finest moment...regardless of whether I was willing to accept the role of honor.

Hannah Delvaux (Ms)

Family Crisis

Dear Camille: I'm eighteen years old and my new step-father spansks me like I'm a little girl. He's been doing it ever since he moved in with us, six months ago. It's so humiliating I can't bear to discuss it with any of my girlfriends, so I'm writing to you instead.

It happens so often these days I don't know which way to turn. I get spanked for the smallest things, like forgetting the dishes or talking on the phone too long. One time he paddled my bottom for putting too much milk in his coffee. If I try to refuse, he spansks me twice as hard.

When I do the smallest thing wrong, he takes me to the living room, tells me to take down my jeans and underpants, then scolds me for about five minutes. I always cry and apologize and beg him not to smack me, but it never makes any difference, he always puts me over his knee and spansks me for at least ten minutes.

Sometimes he doesn't punish me immediately. He'll tell me what to expect, then leave it for the whole day, and I never know when I'm going to be thrashed. Finally he comes up to my bedroom when I'm in my nightie (or even in my underwear) and says it's time I had that spanking he promised me. Then he makes me take down my panties, puts me across his lap and paddles me until my bottom's so sore it hurts just to pull my knickers back up.

When I talk to my mother about it, she always takes his side. I don't know which way to turn. He spanked me three times last week, and promised me more if I didn't start behaving myself.

Jacinta (address withheld)



Naked Punishment

Dear Camille: My mom and dad sometimes employed public nudity as a form of 'behavior modification', especially when we went out camping for the holidays. My folks were old-school hiking enthusiasts, and used to take us to Lake Ridgewick at least three times a year. We all looked forward to these periodic vacations, but being something of a tomboy, I tended to run wild as soon as we arrived. This was a matter of concern for Mom and Dad: between scaling outcrops and stirring up hornet' nests, I was constantly getting up to mischief. By the end of the second day, my folks were normally at their wits' end trying to curb my 'enthusiasm'.

That was usually the point at which I was ordered out of my clothes.

I should mention straight up that this was the last resort when I was getting out of hand; the one sure way to keep me safely around the campsite. They knew I wouldn't stray too far if I was buff naked, so after the usual warnings had been ignored, my Mom would call me over to the tent for public humiliation.

I'd start blushing as soon as I heard her tone, because I knew from prior experience precisely what to expect. There was a kind of ritual I had to follow: first, I was made to stand on a sawn-off tree-stump while my parents gathered up all my belongings and locked them away in the car. Next, I was forced to take off every stitch of clothing, one piece at a time. As each layer was peeled away, I was required to keep my hands laced on the back of my neck while Mommy checked me over for nicks, scratches and poison ivy.

My head always started spinning as I pulled my t-shirt over my head. I frequently experienced a drifting, out-of-body sensation, as if I was watching myself from someone else's perspective. Goosebumps swept down my torso while Mommy slipped my shorts down, leaving me in nothing but my panties.

People would suddenly appear out of nowhere, staring in curiosity as they passed along the main pathway. Lake Ridgewick was a popular tourist site and swimming hole; during the summer, there could be dozens of campers and day-trippers wandering about on at any given hour. Naturally, this made my forced striptease all the more embarrassing.

I'd start crying around this stage, trying to make deals and promising to be on my best behavior if she'd only let me keep my undies on. Needless to say, it made no difference how much I begged and pleaded: Mommy never listened to my protests; she'd given me fair warning and I was fully aware of the consequences. I had no one to blame but myself.

Hooking her fingers through my waistband, Mommy would take my panties down to my ankles, instructing me to step out of them and wait on the stump until she returned. My pulse hammered in my throat while I stood with my hands clasped behind my head, exposing my entire body to the wide blue sky. There seemed to be hundreds of casual spectators walking past, casting inquisitive glances in my direction.

After Mommy finished packing my remaining clothes away, she'd return to find me crying in child-like misery. The shame was utterly overwhelming - my entire body was on open display to every stranger in the vicinity. I'd been reduced to a naked, weeping infant. Words cannot adequately describe the abject humiliation I experienced.

Reassuring me that this for my own good, Mommy would point out my boundaries and explain which areas were off limits. They wanted me to stay within visual range of the tent, I wasn't allowed to leave the camping grounds for any reason. No trail blazing, no rock-climbing, no exploring. I was allowed to go swimming in the nearby reservoir but only in the shallows. She would conclude by reminding me that going off alone was completely forbidden, and that breaking any of these rules would result in a willow-switch across the bottom.

Having laid down the law, she would then send me off to play with my sisters, both of whom were of course fully dressed. This seemed indescribably unjust to me, since they frequently went off by themselves, but I knew from long experience that the matter simply wasn't open to negotiation.

As a general rule, I wasn't even allowed to wear my runners, unless we were traipsing through the woods with Mom and Dad. Even then, I was still required to go nude through the undergrowth, staying slightly ahead of my parents without veering from the path. Daddy carried a switch in his right hand, ready to motivate my steps if I started falling behind. As I quickly discovered, there really was nothing like a hot, smarting bottom to put a spring back in your tread.

I suppose all of this must sound rather cruel and unusual, but looking back over the years, I know it wasn't as bad as it sounds. At the end of the day, my folks were trying to keep me safe, after I'd demonstrated I couldn't be trusted when left to my own devices. It only took me a couple of days to adjust to my 'newd' circumstances, after which I settled into an otherwise normal routine with my family.

The only parts I truly regret were the daily collisions with children I knew from school. They always asked me why I wasn't wearing any clothes, and I had no alternative but to tell them the truth. Even now, literally a decade later, I still feel faint and breathless just thinking about it.

Jane Doe (name withheld)

Dear Camille

WE ALWAYS like to know what you think, and we're glad to publish your letters. Though we can't print every message we receive, we give each one thoughtful consideration. When you write to us, address your letters to Miss Camille Stanton, Lainsbury Press, 52 Vanderbilt Ave. Lainsbury.

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